

Merrill's English Texts

REPRESENTATIVE
AMERICAN POETRY

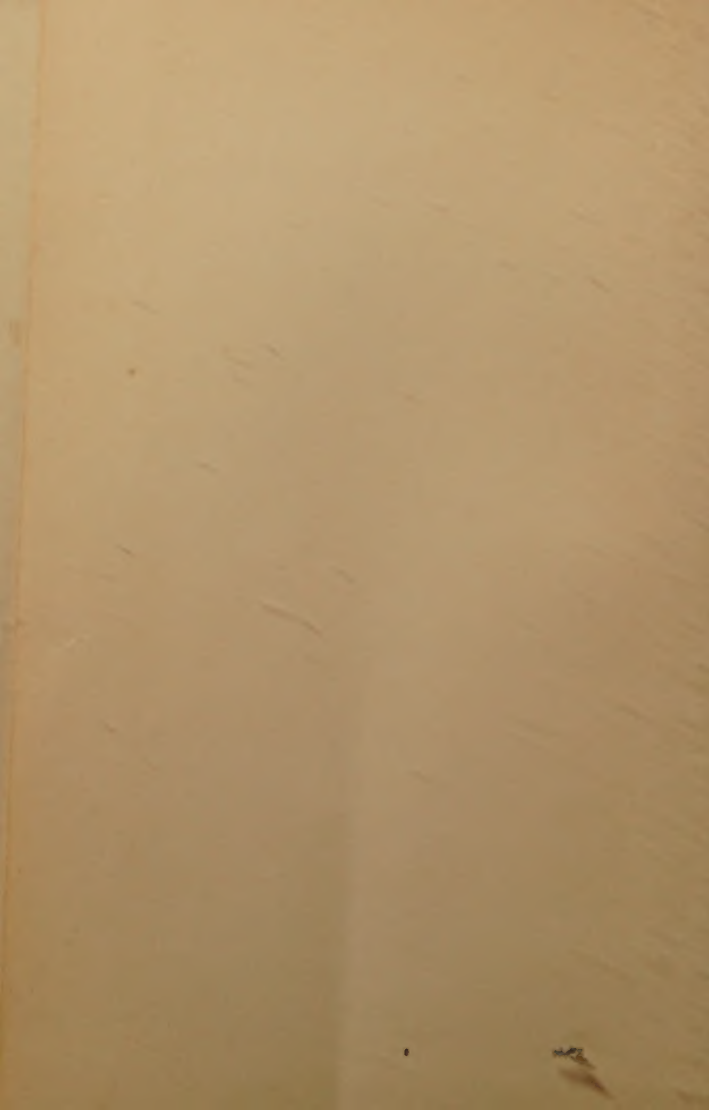


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THE MINUTEMAN

From the statue by Daniel C. French at Concord

Merrill's English Texts

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN POETRY

EDITED BY E. B. RICHARDS, HEAD OF
THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, NEW-
TON HIGH SCHOOL, AND DIRECTOR
OF ENGLISH, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS,
NEWTONVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS . . .



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PREFACE

THE poems in this book are arranged according to the date of the birth of the author. The bibliography is arranged alphabetically. The notes are purposely few because the poems are intended to be read for pleasure, not to be studied.

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Mr. Edwin Markham: "The Day and the Work," "The Man with the Hoe," and "Lincoln, The Man of the People," these poems appearing for the first time in revised form in this volume.

Josephine Preston Peabody: (Mrs. S. L. Marks) and Houghton Mifflin Company: Peabody's "The Singing Man."

Mr. Horace Traubel, Literary Executor of Walt Whitman: "Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night."

Dr. Henry van Dyke and *The Art World*, where it originally appeared: Van Dyke's "The Name of France."

INTRODUCTION

THIS small collection of American poems is designed for use in the first year of the high school. It is issued with the hope that it may help to establish a love for poetry, especially American poetry, in the hearts of some boys and girls who chance to read its pages.

The poems in this volume are not intended to be studied; they are meant to be read for pleasure and for profit, just as any pieces of good literature should be read. The pleasure should come chiefly through the contact of the youthful mind with the serious, the humorous, the inspiring, the patriotic, as expressed in verse of various types. The profit should come through the thought contained in the poems themselves or through the knowledge that these poems were written by people whose writings it is worth while to know.

No apology is made for including so few of the names "great in story." This is not intended to be a collection of classic poetry, but by that is implied poetry written by the few whom time has made imperishable. But it is human if it is not classical, and it is intended to appeal to boys and girls for whom the human side of life has charm if presented in the right spirit, whether in verse or in prose. No apology is made, likewise, for the number of selections with a patriotic setting that are included in this little book. We shall need more than ever in the years succeeding to dwell on things patriotic. The task of the teacher of English is to help in the Americanization of all the polyglot peoples that come to our land. No better way is possible than to introduce their

children to literature, American literature, strictly American in its theme. And not only these children, but the children of American parentage, so-called natives, need to become acquainted with things literary, having a distinctly national flavor.

No poem with a history should be read unless that history is first made clear to the pupil. In like manner no poem should ever be read unless we know something about the person who wrote it. To that end a brief introduction prefaces each poem where the facts warrant it, and a short sketch of the author and his writings is included in the appendix. Neither is intended to be exhaustive even for first-year pupils, merely suggestive. It is important to get the spirit of the poems clearly in one's mind as well as the theme underlying. The spirit, the theme, the author—these should be the aim in reading each poem.

"Of the making of many books there is no end." Of the making of collections of American poems there will never be an end. This collection is only one of many, equally good in various respects. Its value will lie in its right use. With that last word it is sent forth.

E. B. R.

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AMERICAN POETRY

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

This poem, recognized by the United States Army as our national anthem in General Orders No. 201 of the War Department, published December 15, 1906, was written by Francis Scott Key on Wednesday morning, September 14, 1814.

It was during the War of 1812, while the British forces were attacking the city of Baltimore, that the author was a temporary prisoner on the British flagship *Surprise*. Key had gone to the ship to secure the release of a friend. From one o'clock Wednesday morning until seven o'clock, the bombardment of Fort McHenry had been so intense that the fort was enveloped in smoke. When the firing stopped, Key watched the outlines of the fort gradually re-appear until finally, with unbounded joy, he saw that the flag still floated in defiance of the shot and shell hurled against it. Inspired by that sight, he wrote the immortal words of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The original flag belongs to Mr. Eben Appleton of New York. It is twenty-eight by thirty feet in size and shows many battle scars. The song was first printed by *The American* of Baltimore as a pamphlet and distributed throughout the camps around the city, from which it spread over the whole country. Army regulations prescribe a certain formality to be observed when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played. Although the song has

never been formally adopted by congress as our national anthem, yet patriotism prescribes that a like formality should be observed by civilians when it is played. Within doors every one should rise and stand at attention, straight, with arms at the sides, facing the flag, or, if there is none displayed, facing the music. Outdoors it is customary for men to remove their hats and stand at attention with the hat held in the right hand over the left breast.

The third stanza has here been omitted in accordance with present custom when the anthem is sung.

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last
gleaming—

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly
streaming!

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in
air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;

O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and foul war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued
land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,—“In God is our trust”:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS

JOHN PIERPONT

This poem was written in commemoration of the events taking place on the 17th of June, 1775. At noon of that day 3,000 British regulars were ordered forward to storm the hill upon which Warren's soldiers were massed. The reception accorded the regulars made them flee in disorder.

STAND! The ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

THANATOPSIS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

“Thanatopsis” appeared in *The North American Review* in 1817. It was composed when Bryant was seventeen years old, during some solitary rambles in the woods, probably in the summer of 1811. The title is a combination of two Greek words which mean “view of death.” It is one of the sublimest poems in the English language.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature’s teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—

Yet a few days, and thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The Oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful of the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

This poem should be compared with "The Star-Spangled Banner." The one is studied in its effect; the other is spontaneous. This poem is a poet's expression of the meaning of our national banner. The official history of our flag began June 14, 1777, the day now widely celebrated as Flag Day. It was not until April 14, 1818, however, that the flag was finally fixed by Act of Congress so that it consisted of thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, and a blue field containing one star for every state admitted to the Union. Our flag is the emblem of liberty, of hope, and of peace and good-will to men.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven
 When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
 Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on:
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,

Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
Where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
 Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Emerson's "Concord Hymn" was written in 1836 and sung at the celebration held in honor of the completion of the battle monument on April 19 of that year. The lines refer to the fight which took place at Concord Bridge in 1775, between the British and the American Minutemen.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

EACH AND ALL

RALPH W. EMERSON

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings his song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;

The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none,
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth:"
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club moss burs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;

Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

This poem of Longfellow's points a moral well worth the attention of every boy and girl. It is applicable in a wider sense than the mere words indicate. The poem is founded upon the fact that such a slaughter as is related here took place yearly in the village of Killingworth, Connecticut.

It was the season when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Caedmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;

And hungry crows assembled in a crowd
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said—
“Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily bread!”

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like,¹ prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful
words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied blackmail upon the garden beds

And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds,
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondack hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The Hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,

And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round,
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;

Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

“Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,

From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets: in this little town of yours,

You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,

The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

“The thrush that carols at the dawn of day

From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,

Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,

Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song,—

“You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain

Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,

Scratched up at random by industrious feet,

Searching for worm or weevil after rain,
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feasts with comfortable breasts.

“Do you ne’er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne’er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e’er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are halfway houses on the road to heaven!

“Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
’Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,
As in an idiot’s brain remembered words
Hang empty ’mid the cobwebs of his dreams!

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and its sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,

Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all, the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy.

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusilade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,

Or wounded crept away from sight of man.

While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew ² of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;

The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed

Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town.

Because like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few

Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For, after all, the best thing one can do,
When it is raining, is to let it rain.

Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doomsday book.
A few last leaves blushed crimson with their shame
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air.

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,

Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard.

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was fair Almira's wedding-day
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

¹ In Greek mythology Cassandra was the daughter of Priam and Hecuba. She was endowed with the gift of prophecy by Apollo who ordained that no one should believe her because she spurned his love.

² The Massacre of St. Bartholomew took place August 24, 1572, when 70,000 French Protestants were murdered at the secret instigation of Catherine de' Medici, mother of Charles IX.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, was born in 354 in Numidia and died in 430. He lived a life marked by vices and follies in his youth and early manhood. In a Latin sermon in later life he stated that we make of our vices a ladder if we trample them under foot. Longfellow took the thought and made a helpful poem based upon it.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! Well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of fair renown
The right of eminent domain!

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

MY LOST YOUTH

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Longfellow was born and brought up in sight of the sea from which he drew so much inspiration. We get a hint of his love for it in "The Secret of the Sea," and here also, we find this enthusiasm sincerely expressed.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;

There are dreams that cannot die;

There are thoughts that make the strong heart
weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek,

And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song

Come over me like a chill:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet

When I visit the dear old town;

But the native air is pure and sweet,

And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known
street,

As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,

Are sighing and whispering still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,

And with joy that is almost pain

My heart goes back to wander there,

And among the dreams of the days that were,

I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

¹ Hesperides. This term is used in Greek mythology to refer to certain nymphs whose special care was the protection of the garden of Hera, located on an island in the western sea. It was the eleventh labor of Hercules to secure the golden apples in this garden and take them to Eurystheus.

THE SECRET OF THE SEA

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

AH! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines:—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
Steering onward to the land:—

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried, with impulse strong,—
“Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!”

“Wouldst thou,”—so the helmsman answered,
“Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!”

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward-blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

During the Battle of Buena Vista, February 22-23, 1847, it is said that the Mexican women ministered to the soldiers of both armies impartially. This was before the days of the Red Cross Society which was founded as a result of the Geneva convention in 1864. The American Red Cross was not established, however, until 1881.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far
away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they
near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm
we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle
rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on
their souls!"

Who is losing? who is winning? — "Over hill and over
plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the
mountain rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look
once more.
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as be-
fore,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman,
foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its
mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has
rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks
of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of
Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon
at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now ad-
vance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's
charging lance!"

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot
together fall;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs
the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and
frightful on.

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who
has won?

"Alas! alas! I know not: friend and foe together
fall,

O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them
all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother save
my brain!

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of
slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall,
and strive to rise;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die be-
fore our eyes!

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head
on my knee:

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou
hear me? canst thou see?

O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look
once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is
o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down
to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses
said:
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a
soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow
his life away;
But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her
head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead;
But she heard the youth's slow moaning, and his
struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips
again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled:

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?

All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;

With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,

From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the North!"

Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,

And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds that bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind

Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind;

Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;

Hide your faces, holy angels! oh thou Christ of God forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool,
gray shadows fall;

Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over
all!

Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart
the battle rolled,

In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips
grew cold.

But the noble Mexie women still their holy task pur-
sued,

Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and
faint and lacking food,

Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care
they hung,

And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and
Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the
Eden flowers;

From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send
their prayer,

And still the white-winged angels hover dimly in the
air!

BARCLAY OF URY

JOHN G. WHITTIER

The hero of this poem is David Barclay who was born in 1610. He served in the Thirty Years' War under Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. After the Restoration he was arrested, and while confined in Edinburgh Castle, he became a Quaker. The incident referred to by Whittier is founded upon Barclay's conversion to Quakerism.

UP the streets of Aberdeen,¹
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving-girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;

And, to all he saw and heard,
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing.

Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:

"Barelay! Ho! a Barelay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarred and sun-burned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us,
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lützen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus?" ²

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's Lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee:

Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though he slay me.

“Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed.”
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

“Woe’s the day!” he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity;
“Ury’s honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!

“Speak the word, and master mine,
As we charged on Tilly’s line,
And his Walloon ³ lancers,
Smiting through their midst we’ll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!”

“Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end:”
Quoth the Laird of Ury,

"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to greet me.

"When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving;

But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

“Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God’s own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!”

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse’s head
Toward the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy days of trial;
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O’er the rabble’s laughter;

And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvest yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

¹ Aberdeen is the fourth largest city of Scotland. It is a beautiful city containing many fine churches and college buildings.

² Gustavus II was king of Sweden from 1611 to 1632. He was prominent in the Thirty Years' War and was killed in the Battle of Lützen.

³ Walloons were descendants of the ancient Belgians who occupied southern Belgium and spoke a French dialect. They were fine warriors.

CENTENNIAL HYMN

JOHN G. WHITTIER

1876 marked the 100th anniversary of the independence of this country. Philadelphia was chosen as the place for the celebration which took the form of a great exposition. On the opening day this Centennial Hymn was sung by a chorus of a thousand voices.

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And freighted with love's Golden Fleece,¹
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold.

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of our righteous law;
And cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

¹ See the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece in Gayley's *Classic Myths*.

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON

JOHN G. WHITTIER

This poem is based upon the historical fact that Washington left Mount-Vernon April 16 and started for New York City, where, April 30, 1789, he took the oath of office as President of the United States.

THE sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O City sitting by the Sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke,
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St.
Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful **past**,
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretence that turns her holy truth to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still we trust the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag, with all its added stars,
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars.

Lo! Where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best!—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond;
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here and now
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The nautilus, an inhabitant of tropic seas, has a shell of many chambers, spiral in shape. The animal lives in the outermost chambers, the others being empty. These chambers are connected by a tube, through which they may be filled with air or water, and thus enable the nautilus to rise or sink. The symbolism of this poem is beautiful, and it should be read thoughtfully.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the last year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

OLIVER W. HOLMES

This poem is a good example of the humor of Oliver Wendell Holmes. As one of our American humorists, he takes a high place by reason of his geniality.

I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb.

“These to the printer,” I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest,)
“There’ll be the devil to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

THE LAST LEAF

OLIVER W. HOLMES

The original of this poem was a Revolutionary soldier, Major Thomas Melville, who had a share in the Boston "tea-party." He was often seen on the streets in Holmes's day.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
 At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OUR COUNTRY

JULIA WARD HOWE

On primal rocks she wrote her name;
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek Rivers led the appointed guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the brodered land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee!

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happiest chain to farthest bound!

Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy Commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-spiced angels hail thy cause!

O Lord, the measure of our prayers
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song!

A VISION

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

This selection is taken from the *Biglow Papers*, from Mr. Hosea Biglow's reply to the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. It was written near the end of the Civil War, and is phrased in the native dialect of a Yankee of the time, who was capable, as Lowell said, "of district-school English" when not deeply stirred.

SNOW-FLAKES come whisperin' on the pane
The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant,
But I can't hark to wut they're say'n'.
With Grant or Sherman ollers present;
The chimbleys shudder in the gale.
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin'
Like a shot hawk, but all's ez stale
To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller pines I house.
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented,
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
Further an' further South retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain
An' see a hundred hills like islan's

Lift their blue woods in broken chain
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence;
The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin'
Seem kin' o' sad an' roun' the hearth
Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin' snows,
An' rattles di'mon's from his granite;
Time wuz, he snatched away my prose,
An' into psalms or satires ran it;
But he, nor all the rest thet once
Started my blood to country-dances,
Can't set me goin' more'n a dunce
Thet hain't no sue for dreams an' fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follered once an' now are quiet,—
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet won't
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
Didn't I love to see 'em growin'.
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?

I set an' look into the blaze

Whose natur', jest like theirs, keeps climbin',
Ez long'z it lives, in shinin' ways.

An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth

On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth

For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen

Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men

Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'T ain't right to hev the young go fust,

All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust

To try an' make b'lieve fill their places:
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss.

Ther' 's gaps our lives can't never fay in,
An' *that* world seems so fur from this

Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

.

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed

For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!

Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
An' step thet proves ye Victory's daughter!
Longin' fer you, our sperits wilt
Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water.

Come, while our country feels the lift
Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,
An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,
A nation saved, a race delivered!

THE VOYAGE TO VINLAND

THORWALD'S LAY

JAMES R. LOWELL

So Biörn went comfortless but for his thought,
And by his thought the more discomforted,
Till Eric Thurlson kept his Yule-tide feast:
And thither came he, called among the rest,
Silent, lone-minded, a church-door to mirth:
But, ere deep draughts forbade such serious song
As the grave Skald might chant nor after blush,
Then Eric looked at Thorwald where he sat
Mute as a cloud amid the stormy hall,
And said, "O Skald, sing now an olden song,

Such as our fathers heard who led great lives;
And, as the bravest on a shield is borne
Along the waving host that shouts him king.
So rode their thrones upon the thronging seas!"

Then the old man arose, white-haired he stood,
White-bearded, and with eyes that looked afar
From their still region of perpetual snow,
Beyond the little smokes and stirrs of men:
His head was bowed with gathered flakes of years,
As winter bends the sea-foreboding pine.
But something triumphed in his brow and eye,
Which whoso saw it could not see and crouch:
Loud rang the emptied beakers as he mused,
Brooding his eyried thoughts; then, as an eagle
Circles smooth-winged above the wind-vexed woods,
So wheeled his soul into the air of song
High o'er the stormy hall; and thus he sang:
"The fletcher for his arrow-shaft picks out
Wood closest-grained, long-seasoned, straight as light;
And from a quiver full of such as these
The wary bowman, matched against his peers,
Long doubting, singles yet once more the best.
Who is it needs such flawless shafts as Fate?
What archer of his arrows is so choice,
Or hits the white so surely? They are men,
The chosen of her quiver; nor for her
Will every reed suffice, or cross-grained stick
At random from life's vulgar fagot plucked:

Such answer household ends; but she will have
Souls straight and clear, of toughest fibre, sound
Down to the heart of heart; from these she strips
All needless stuff, all sapwood; seasons them;
From circumstance untoward feathers plucks
Crumpled and cheap; and barbs with iron will:
The hour that passes is her quiver-boy:
When she draws bow, 't is not across the wind,
Nor 'gainst the sun her haste-snatched arrow sings,
For sun and wind have plighted faith to her:
Ere men have heard the sinew twang, behold
In the butt's heart her trembling messenger!

“The song is old and simple that I sing;
But old and simple are despised as cheap,
Though hardest to achieve of human things:
Good were the days of yore, when men were tried
By ring of shields, as now by ring of words;
But while the gods are left, and hearts of men,
And wide-doored ocean, still the days are good.
Still o'er the earth hastes Opportunity,¹
Seeking the hardy soul that seeks for her.
Be not abroad, nor deaf with household cares
That chatter loudest as they mean the least;
Swift-willed is thrice-willed; late means nevermore;
Impatient is her foot, nor turns again.”
He ceased; upon his bosom sank his beard
Sadly, as one who oft had seen her pass

Nor stayed her; and forthwith the frothy tide
Of interrupted wassail roared along;
But Biörn, the son of Heriulf, sat apart
Musing, and, with his eyes upon the fire,
Saw shapes of arrows, lost as soon as seen.
"A ship," he muttered, "is a winged bridge
That leadeth every man to man's desire,
And ocean the wide gate to manful luck;"
And then with that resolve his heart was bent,
Which, like a humming shaft, through many a stripe
Of day and night, across the unpathwayed seas
Shot the brave prow that cut on Vinland sands
The first rune in the Saga of the West.

¹ Read the poem "Opportunity" by John J. Ingalls on page 93.

VIGIL STRANGE I KEPT ON THE FIELD ONE — NIGHT

WALT WHITMAN

Walt Whitman is probably writing from his experience as a voluntary nurse in hospitals and on the field during the Civil War. Whitman's poetry is peculiar, but if we read it for the spirit pervading it, we shall not fail to find much in it. Read in connection with this poem "The Warble for Lilac-Time" and "O Captain! My Captain!"

VIGIL strange I kept on the field one night;
When you, my son and my comrade, dropt at my side
that day,

One look I but gave which your dear eyes return'd
with a look I shall never forget,
One touch of your hand to mine, O boy, reach'd up as
you lay on the ground,
Then onward I sped in the battle, the even-contested
battle,
Till late in the night reliev'd, to the place at last again I
made my way,
Found you in death so cold, dear comrade, found your
body, son of responding kisses (never again on earth
responding),
Bared your face in the starlight, curious the scene, cool
blew the moderate night-wind,
Long there and then in vigil I stood, dimly around me
the battle-field spreading,
Vigil wondrous and vigil sweet there in the fragrant
silent night,
But not a tear fell, not even a long-drawn sigh, long,
long I gazed,
Then on the earth partially reclining sat by your side
leaning my chin in my hands,
Passing sweet hours, immortal and mystic hours with
you, dearest comrade—not a tear, not a word,
Vigil of silence, love and death, vigil for you my son
and my soldier,
As onward silently stars aloft, eastward new ones up-
ward stole,

Vigil final for you, brave boy, (I could not save you,
swift was your death,

I faithfully loved you and cared for you living, I think
we shall surely meet again.)

Till at latest lingering of the night, indeed just as the
dawn appear'd,

My comrade I wrapt in his blanket, envelop'd well his
form,

Folded the blanket well, tucking it carefully over head
and carefully under feet,

And there and then and bathed by the rising sun, my
son in his grave, in his rude-dug grave I deposited,

Ending my strange vigil with that, vigil of night and
battlefield dim,

Vigil for boy of responding kisses (never again on earth
responding)

Vigil for comrade swiftly slain, vigil I never forget, how
as day brighten'd,

I rose from the chill ground and folded my soldier well
in his blanket,

And buried him where he fell.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THEODORE O'HARA

"The Bivouac of the Dead" has reference to the same battle referred to in Whittier's poem, "The Angels of Buena Vista" (see page 43). The American forces were far outnumbered in this battle: 23,000 Mexicans to 4691 Americans. The Northern troops lost over 700 in killed and wounded. In their honor, O'Hara wrote his poem.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe,
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,

For never fiercer fight had raged
The vengeful blood of Spain.
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.

Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

BAYARD TAYLOR

"The Song of the Camp" is one of the finest of Bayard Taylor's poems. It was written in commemoration of the bravery of the English Troops in the Crimean War of 1854, when England went to the aid of Turkey in her war against Russia.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff ¹
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day,
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys ² learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

¹ The Little Redan and Malakoff were fortifications which were under bombardment by the French in the Crimean War.

² The Crimean War was fought in Crimea, a peninsula of southern Russia between the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea. About one-fourth of Crimea consists of beautiful mountains among which are the valleys mentioned.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

IF ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or, spreading the tail
Of his coat for a sail
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why
He couldn't fly,

And flap and flutter and wish and try—
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a farmer, age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean,—
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry—for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
Till his nose seemed bent
To catch the scent,
Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.
And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,

Excepting Daedalus of yore
And his son Icarus, who wore
 Upon their backs
 Those wings of wax
He had read of in the old almanacks.
Darius was clearly of the opinion
That the air is also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
 We soon or late shall navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
 And if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.
 "The birds can fly an' why can't I?
 Must we give in," says he with a grin,
 "That the bluebird an' phoebe
 Are smarter'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the little chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
 Jest show me that!
 Ur prove 't the bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"
He argued further: "Nur I can't see
What's the use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fur to get a livin' with, more'n to me;—

Ain't my business
Important's his'n is?
That Icarus
Made a purty muss—

Him an' his daddy Daedalus
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks.

I'll make mine o' luther,
Ur suthin' ur other."

And he said to himself as he tinkered and planned:
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To mummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand."

So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use;—
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
Some wire and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box,
In which he locks
These and a hundred other things.



His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
 And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
 Around the corner to see him work—
 Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
 Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
 And boring the holes with a comical quirk
 Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
 But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
 And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;
 With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
 He plugged the knot-holes and caulked the cracks;
 And a dipper of water, which one would think
 He had brought up into the loft to drink

When he chanced to be dry,

Stood always nigh,

For Darius was sly!

And whenever at work he happened to spy
 At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
 He let the dipper of water fly.

“Take that! an’ ef ever ye get a peep,
 Guess ye’ll ketch a weasel asleep!”

And he sings as he locks

His big strong box:—

“The weasel’s head is small and trim,

An’ he is little an’ long an’ slim,

An’ quick of motion an’ nimble of limb,

An’ ef you’ll be

Advised by me,

Keep wide awake when you're ketchin' him!"

So day after day

He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,

Till at last 'twas done—

The greatest invention under the sun!

"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fur some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July,

And the weather was dry,

And not a cloud was on all the sky,

Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,

Half mist, half air,

Like foam on the ocean went floating by—

Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen

For a nice little trip in a flying machine.

Thought cunning Darius: "Now I shan't go

Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.

I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!

An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off

I'll hev full swing fur to try the thing,

An' practise a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"

Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!

I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—

My gracious! feel's though I should fly!"

Said Jotham, "'Sho!

Guess ye better go."

But Darius said, "No!
 Shouldn't wonder 'f you might see me, though,
 'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
 O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain'n my head."
 For all the while to himself he said:—

"I tell ye what!

I'll fly a few times around the lot,
 To see how't seems, then soon's I've got
 The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
 I'll astonish the nation,
 An' all creation,
 By flyin' over the celebration!
 Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
 I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
 I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the steeple;
 I'll flop up to winders an scare the people!
 I'll light on the liberty-pole, an' crow;
 An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
 'What world's this 'ere
 That I've come near?'
 Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;
 An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' bulloon!"

He crept from his bed;
 And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
 "I'm gittin' over the cold'n my head."
 And away he sped,
 To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
"What is the feller up to, hey?"
"Don'o'—the's suthin' ur other to pay,
Ur he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum to-day."
Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July
Ef he hedn't got some machine to try."
Then Sol, the little one spoke: "By darn!
Le's hurry back an' hide'n the barn,
An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn!"
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,
And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
 And there they hid;
 And Reubin slid
The fastenings back, and the door undid.
 "Keep dark!" said he,
"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail—
 From head to foot an iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,

Iron breeches, and on the head
 No hat, but an iron pot instead,
 And under the chin the bail,
 (I believe they called the thing a helm,)

Then sallied forth to overwhelm
 The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm—
 So this *modern* knight
 Prepared for flight,
 Put on his wings and strapped them tight;
 Jointed and jaunty, strong and light—
 Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip;
 Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
 And a helm had he, but that he wore,
 Not on his head, like those of yore,
 But more like the helm of a ship.

 "Hush!" Reuben said,
 "He's up in the shed!
 He's opened the winder—I see his head!
 He stretches it out, an' pokes it about,
 Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
 An' nobody near;—
 Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
 He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
 Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
 He's a climbin' out now—Of all the things!
 What's he got on? I van, it's wings!
 An' that 'tother thing? I vum, it's a tail!

An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
Steppin' careful, he travels the length
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
Peeks over his shoulder; this way an' that,
Fur to see 'f the 's any one passin' by;
But the 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
To see—The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
Flop—flop—an' plump
To the ground with a thump!
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin, all'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere—
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels—
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barnyard he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting-stars, and various things;
Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so sweet by half.
Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?

'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
"Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'?"
Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he staunched his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said; "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the moral here:
And this is the moral—Stick to your sphere.
Or if you insist, as you have a right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is—Take care how you light.

OPPORTUNITY

JOHN JAMES INGALLS

MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate

And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!

THE HAND OF LINCOLN

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was,—how large of mould.
The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the ploughman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.
This was the hand that knew to swing
The axe—since thus would Freedom train
Her son—and made the forest ring,
And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.
Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courtier's, toying with a sword,
Nor minstrel's, laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
When all the Kings of earth were mute!

The hand of Anak,¹ sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch;
Yet, lo! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas ²—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erewhile was wont to press;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
This moulded outline plays about;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out,—

The love that cast an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears:
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!

¹ Anak was a leader noted in sacred history for his great stature.

² Atlas was a Titan who, according to Greek mythology, was condemned by Jupiter to bear the vault of heaven upon his mighty shoulders.

PAN IN WALL STREET

A. D. 1867

EDMUND C. STEDMAN

For a number of years Stedman was a member of the New York Stock Exchange. This poem is founded on one of the incidents connected with that period of his life.

Just where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;

Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
 Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
 From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
 Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
 The curbstone's war, the auction's hammer;
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
 It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
 Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
 And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel where he stood
 At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played,
 The other held a Pan's ¹ pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
 The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
 A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
 The prelude of some pastoral ditty!

The demigod had crossed the seas,—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times,—to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;



And random passers staid to list,—
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng,—
A blowsy apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
Like little fauns began to caper;
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!

New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals
But Music waves eternal wands,—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I,—but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
“Great Pan is dead!”—and all the people
Went on their ways:—and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

¹ For the classical allusions in this poem the pupil is referred to either Gayley's *Classic Myths* or Bullfinch's *Age of Fable*.

HOW WE BECAME A NATION

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

This poem refers to events taking place in Boston, April 15, 1774.

WHEN George the King would punish folk
Who dared resist his angry will—
Resist him with their hearts of oak
That neither King nor Council broke—
He told Lord North to mend his quill,
And sent his Parliament a Bill.

The Boston Port Bill was the thing
He flourished in his royal hand;
A subtle lash with scorpion sting,
Across the seas he made it swing,
And with its cruel thong he planned
To quell the disobedient land.

His minions heard it sing, and bare
The port of Boston felt its wrath;
They let no ship cast anchor there,
They summoned Hunger and Despair,—
And curses in an aftermath
Followed their desolating path.

No coal might enter there, nor wood,
Nor Holland flax, nor silk from France;
No drugs for dying pangs, no food
For any mother's little brood.
“Now,” said the King, “we have our chance,
We'll lead the haughty knaves a dance.”

No other flags lit up the bay,
Like full blown blossoms in the air,
Than where the British war-ships lay;
The wharves were idle; all the day
The idle men, grown gaunt and spare,
Saw trouble, pall-like, everywhere.

Then in across the meadow land,
From lonely farm and hunter's tent,
From fertile field and fallow strand,
Pouring it out with lavish hand,
The neighboring burghs their bounty sent,
And laughed at King and Parliament.

To bring them succor, Marblehead
Joyous her deep-sea fishing sought.
Her trees, with ringing stroke and tread,
Old many-rivered Newbury sped,
And Groton in her granaries wrought
And generous flocks old Windham brought.

Rice from the Carolinas came,
Iron from Pennsylvania's forge,
And, with a spirit all aflame,
Tobacco-leaf and corn and game
The Midlands sent; and in his gorge
The Colonies defied King George!

And Hartford hung, in black array,
Her town-house, and at half-mast there
The flags flowed, and the bells all day
Tolled heavily; and far away
In great Virginia's solemn air
The House of Burgesses held prayer.

Down long glades of the forest floor
The same thrill ran through every vein,

And down the long Atlantic's shore;
Its heat the tyrant's fetters tore
 And welded them through stress and strain
 Of long years to a mightier chain.

That mighty chain with links of steel
 Round all the Old Thirteen at last,
Through one electric pulse to feel
The common woe, the common weal.
 And that great day the Port Bill passed
 Made us a nation hard and fast.

JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE
PIKE COUNTY BALLADS

JOHN HAY

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
 Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
 That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
 The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike,—

One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she came tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.

There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

LIBERTY

JOHN HAY

WHAT man is there so bold that he should say,
"Thus, and thus only, would I have the Sea?"
For whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back
The smile of Heaven from waves of amethyst;
Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use or stern activity;
Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way
To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust
Of ruin drinks the blood of living things,
And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore,—
Always it is the Sea, and men bow down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

So all in vain will timorous ones essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty.
For Freedom is its own eternal law:
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring Will.
Let us not then despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnat-like evils hover round its head;

Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry
Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson axe
Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings.
For ever in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

WHICH I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chineese is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
Which that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chineese,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

FORCE

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

THE stars know a secret
They do not tell;
And morn brings a message
Hidden well.

There's a blush on the apple,
A tint on the wing,
And the bright wind whistles,
And the pulses sting.

Perish dark memories!
There's light ahead;
This world's for the living,
Not for the dead.

In the shining city,
On the loud pave,
The life-tide is running,
Like a leaping wave.

How the stream quickens,
As noon draws near!
No room for loiterers,
No time for fear.

Out on the farm lands
Earth smiles as well;
Gold-crueted grainfields,
With sweet, warm smell;

Whir of the reaper,
Like a giant bee;
Like a Titan cricket,
Thrilling with glee.

On mart and meadow,
Pavement or plain;
On azure mountain,
Or azure main,—

Heaven bends in blessing;
Lost is but won;
Goes the good rain-cloud,
Comes the good sun:

Only babes whimper,
And sick men wail,
And faint hearts and feeble hearts,
And weaklings fail.

Down the great currents
Let the boat swing;
There was never winter
But brought the spring.

LIFE

EDWARD R. SILL

FORENOON and afternoon and night,—Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and —what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

"WHEN WITH THEIR COUNTRY'S ANGER"

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

WHEN with their country's anger
They flame into the fight—
On sea, in treacherous forest,
To strike with main and might,—

He shows the gentlest mercy
Who rains the deadliest blows;
Then quick war's hell is ended,
And home the hero goes.

What stays the noblest memory
For all his years to keep?
Not of the foemen slaughtered,
But rescued from the deep!

Rescued with peerless daring!
O, none shall forget that sight,
When the unaimed cannon thundered
In the ghastly after-fight.

And, now, in the breast of the hero
There blooms a strange, new flower,
A blood-red, fragrant blossom
Sown in the battle-hour.

'Tis not the Love of Comrades,—
That flower forever blows,—
But the brave man's Love of Courage,
The Love of Comrade-Foes.

For since the beginning of battles
On the land and on the wave,
Heroes have answered to heroes,
The brave have honored the brave.

THE DAY AND THE WORK *

EDWIN MARKHAM

To each man is given a day and his work for the day;
And once, and no more, he is given to travel this way.
And woe if he flies from the task, whatever the odds;
For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.

* Revised, 1919. Copyright, 1919, by Edwin Markham.

There is waiting a work where only your hands can
 avail;
And so if you falter, a chord in the music will fail.
We may laugh to the sky, we may lie for an hour in
 the sun;
But we dare not go hence till the labor appointed is
 done.

To each man is given a marble to carve for the wall,
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all;
And only his soul has the magic to give it a grace,
And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place.

We are given one hour to parley and struggle with Fate,
Our wild hearts filled with the dream, our brains with
 the high debate.
It is given to look on life once, and once only to die:
One testing, and then at a sign we go out of this sky.

Yes, the task that is given to each man no other can do:
So the work is awaiting: it has waited through ages for
 you.
And now you appear; and the Hushed Ones are turning
 their gaze
To see what you do with your chance in the chamber
 of days.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE *

EDWIN MARKHAM

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
 She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
 To make a man to meet the mortal need.
 She took the tried clay of the common road—
 Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
 Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy;
 Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
 Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
 Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
 That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
 And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
 Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
 Here was a man to hold against the world,
 A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
 The smack and tang of elemental things:
 The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
 The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
 The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
 The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
 The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;

* Revised, 1919. Copyright, 1919, by Edwin Markham.

The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
With the fine gesture of a kingly soul,
He built the rail-pile and he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,

Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE *

EDWIN MARKHAM

“God created man in his own image, in the image of God
created He him.”

BOWED by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe ¹ and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

* Revised, 1919. Copyright, 1919, by Edwin Markham.

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;

Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb terror shall appeal to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

¹ Millet's painting, "The Man with the Hoe," was the inspiration for this poem.

THE NAME OF FRANCE *

HENRY VAN DYKE

This poem is typical of the spirit underlying the great cause in which we joined with the Allies. Of these perhaps France has suffered and endured the most.

GIVE us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art,—
A name that tells of a splendid part

* Reprinted from *The Red Flower* by Henry van Dyke, through courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right,—
A name like a star, a name of light.

I give you *France!*

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,—
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong,—
A name that rings like a battle-song.

I give you *France!*

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of the people everywhere,—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.

I give you *France!*

THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS

JOHN FINLEY

This noble poem in praise of the self-sacrificing group of men and women who compose the Red Cross reflects the spirit of that organization. It is one of the many poems growing out of The Great War.

WHEREVER war, with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
 There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
 Thither I fly.

I kneel behind the soldier's trench,
I walk 'mid shambles' smear and stench,
 The dead I mourn;
I bear the stretcher and I bend
O'er Fritz and Pierre and Jack to mend
 What shells have torn.

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
 And love can live.
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering,
 Or solace give.

I helped upon Haldora's shore;
With Hospitaller Knights ¹ I bore
 The first red cross;
I was the Lady of the Lamp;
I saw in Solferino's ² camp
 The crimson loss.

I am your pennies and your pounds;
I am your bodies on their rounds
 Of pain afar;
I am *you*, doing what you would
If you were only where you could—
 Your avatar.

The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
 Is but the sign
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
 Of war's red line.

¹ Hospitaller Knights were Knights of St. John and were the first of organized bodies to care for the sick and wounded. An order was founded in America in 1889.

² Solferino, Italy, was the scene of a battle in 1859.

THE SINGING MAN

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

I

He sang above the vineyards of the world.

And after him the vines with woven hands
Clambered and clung, and everywhere unfurled
Triumphing green above the barren lands;
Till high as gardens grow, he climbed, he stood,
Sun-crowned with life and strength, and singing toil,
And looked upon his work; and it was good:
The corn, the wine, the oil.

He sang above the noon. The topmost cleft
That grudged him footing on the mountain scars
He planted and despaired not; till he left
His vines soft breathing to the host of stars.
He wrought, he tilled; and even as he sang,
The creatures of his planting laughed to scorn
The ancient threat of deserts where there sprang
The wine, the oil, the corn.

He sang not for abundance. —Over-lords
Took of his tilth. Yet was there still to reap,
The portion of his labor; dear rewards
Of sunlit day, and bread, and human sleep.

He sang for strength; for glory of the light.

He dreamed above the furrows, 'They are mine!'
When all he wrought stood fair before his sight
With corn, and oil, and wine.

Truly, the light is sweet

Yea, and a pleasant thing

It is to see the Sun.

And that a man should eat

His bread that he hath won;—

(So is it sung and said),

That he should take and keep,

After his laboring,

The portion of his labor in his bread,

His bread that he hath won;

Yea, and in quiet sleep,

When all is done.

He sang; above the burden and the heat,

Above all seasons with their fitful grace;

Above the chance and change that led his feet

To this last ambush of the Market-place.

'Enough for him,' they said—and still they say—

'A crust with air to breathe, and sun to shine;

He asks no more!'—Before they took away

The corn, the oil, the wine.

He sang. No more he sings now, anywhere.

Light was enough, before he was undone.

They knew it well, who took away the air,
—Who took away the sun;
Who took, to serve their soul-devouring greed,
Himself, his breath, his bread—the goad of toil;—
Who have and hold, before the eyes of Need,
The corn, the wine,—the oil!

*Truly, one thing is sweet
Of things beneath the Sun;
This, that a man should earn his bread and eat,
Rejoicing in his work which he hath done.
What shall be sung or said
Of desolate deceit,
When others take his bread;
His and his children's bread?—
And the laborer hath none.
This, for his portion now, of all that he hath done
He earns; and others eat.
He starves;—they sit at meat
Who have taken away the Sun.*

II

Seek him now, that singing Man.
Look for him,
Look for him
In the mills,
In the mines;
Where the very daylight pines,—
He, who once did walk the hills!

You shall find him, if you scan
Shapes all unbefitting Man,
Bodies warped, and faces dim,
In the mines; in the mills
Where the ceaseless thunder fills
Spaces of the human brain
Till all thought is turned to pain.
Where the skirl of wheel on wheel,
Grinding him who is their tool,
Makes the shattered senses reel
To the numbness of the fool.
Perisht thought, and halting tongue—
(Once it spoke;—once it sung!)
Live to hunger, dead to song.
Only heart-beats loud with wrong
Hammer on,—*How long?*
. . . *How long?—How long?*

Search for him;
Search for him;
Where the crazy atoms swim
Up the fiery furnace-blast.
You shall find him, at the last,—
He whose forehead braved the sun,—
Wreckt and tortured and undone.
Where no breath across the heat
Whispers him that life was sweet;
But the sparkles mock and flare,



Scattering up the crooked air.
(Blackened with that bitter mirk,—
Would God know His handiwork?)
Thought is not for such as he;
Naught but strength, and misery,
Since, for just the bite and sup,
Life must needs be swallowed up.
Only, reeling up the sky,
Hurtling flames that hurry by,
Gasp and flare, *Why—Why,*
. . . *Why?* . . .

Why the human mind of him
Shrinks, and falters, and is dim
When he tries to make it out:
What the torture is about.—
Why he breathes, a fugitive
Whom the World forbids to live.
Why he earned for his abode,
Habitation of the toad!
Why his fevered day by day
Will not serve to drive away
Horror that must always haunt:—
. . . *Want . . . Want!*
Nightmare shot with waking pangs;—
Tightening coil, and certain fangs,
Close and closer, always nigh . . .
. . . *Why? . . . Why?*

Why he labors under ban
 That denies him for a man.
 Why his utmost drop of blood
 Buys for him no human good;
 Why his utmost urge of strength
 Only lets them starve at length;
 Will not let him starve alone;
 He must watch, and see his own
 Fade and fail, and starve, and die.

.
Why? . . . Why?

Heart-beats, in a hammering song,
 Heavy as an ox may plod,
 Goaded—goaded—faint with wrong,
 Cry unto some ghost of God
. . . How long? . . . How long?
. How long?

III

Seek him yet. Search for him!
 You shall find him, spent and grim;
 In the prisons, where we pen
 These unsightly shards of men.
 Sheltered fast;
 Housed at length;
 Clothed and fed, no matter how!
 Where the householders, aghast,

Measure in his broken strength
Nought but power for evil, now.
Beast-of-burden drudgeries
Could not earn him what was his:
He who heard the world applaud
Glories seized by force and fraud,
He must break,—he must take!—
Both for hate and hunger's sake.
He must seize by fraud and force;
He must strike, without remorse!
Seize he might; but never keep.
Strike, his once!—Behold him here.
(Human life we buy so cheap,
Who should know we held it dear?)

No denial,—no defence
From a brain bereft of sense,
Any more than penitence.
But the heart-beats now, that plod
Goaded—goaded—dumb with wrong,
Ask not even a ghost of God
. *How long?*

*When the Sea gives up its dead,
Prison caverns, yield instead
This, rejected and despised;
This, the Soiled and Sacrificed!
Without form or comeliness;
Shamed for us that did transgress;*

*Bruised, for our iniquities,
With the stripes that are all his!
Face that wreckage, you who can,
It was once the Singing Man.*

IV

Must it be? Must we then
Render back to God again
This His broken work, this thing,
For His man that once did sing?
Will not all our wonders do?
Gifts we stored the ages through,
(Trusting that He had forgot) —
Gifts the Lord required not?
Would the all-but-human serve!
Monsters made of stone and nerve;
Towers to threaten and defy
Curse or blessing of the sky;
Shafts that blot the stars with smoke;
Lightnings harnessed under yoke;
Sea-things, air-things, wrought with steel,
That may smite, and fly, and feel!
Oceans calling each to each;
Hostile hearts, with kindred speech.
Every work that Titans can;
Every marvel: save a man,
Who might rule without a sword.—
Is a man more precious, Lord?

Can it be?—Must we then
Render back to Thee again
Million, million wasted men?
Men, of flickering human breath,
Only made for life and death?

Ah, but see the sovereign Few,
Highly favored, that remain!
These, the glorious residue,
Of the cherished race of Cain.
These, the magnates of the age,
High above the human wage,
Who have numbered and possessed
All the portion of the rest!

What are all despairs and shames,
What the mean, forgotten names
Of the thousand more or less,
For one surfeit of success?

For those dullest lives we spent,
Take these Few magnificent!
For that host of blotted ones,
Take these glittering central suns.
Few;—but how their lustre thrives
On the million broken lives!
Splendid, over dark and doubt,
For a million souls gone out!
These, the holders of our hoard,—
Wilt thou not accept them, Lord?

V

Oh, in the wakening thunders of the heart,

—The small lost Eden, troubled through the night,
Sounds there not now,—forboded and apart,

Some voice and sword of light?

Some voice and portent of a dawn to break?—

Searching like God, the ruinous human shard
Of that lost Brother-man Himself did make,
And Man himself hath marred?

It sounds!—And may the anguish of that birth

Seize on the world; and may all shelters fail,
Till we behold new Heaven and new Earth

Through the rent Temple-vail!

When the high-tides that threaten near and far

To sweep away our guilt before the sky,—
Flooding the waste of this dishonored Star,
Cleanse, and o'erwhelm, and cry!

Cry, from the deep of world-accusing waves,

With longing more than all since light began,
Above the nations,—underneath the graves,—
'Give back the Singing Man!'

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN *

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

This poem refers to the great fighting ships of the American Navy which, in their war-dress, were painted gray. The occasion of this poem was the Spanish War of 1898.

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless
miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthestmost
isles are free,
And the furthestmost isles make answer, harbor, and
height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the Mother
who calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from
harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her
sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade
her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls
them this time home!

* Reprinted from *The Garden of Years and Other Poems* by Guy Carryll, through the courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary
watchers rest,
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in the
golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!

Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannon-
ade,
Peace at last! is the bugle blast the length of the long
blockade,
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace!
Thank God for peace."

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them
rise and go,—
How, when the stirring summons smote on her chil-
dren's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole
land answered, "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the
sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet
with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on
the decks they trod,

Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of
their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of
sea,

To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in
wait,

To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across
the strait:—

But better the golden evening when the ships round
heads for home,

And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of
seething foam,

And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the
men who win!

Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the
great gray ships come in!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT
IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

VACHEL LINDSAY

Abraham Lincoln was buried in Springfield, Illinois, May 4, 1865. Later a monument was built in Oakwood Cemetery and dedicated October 15, 1874. It contains a life-size statue of the speaking Lincoln. Vachel Lindsay himself lives in Springfield.

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town,
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play;
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.



His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly, and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp, and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

THE TWELVE: FORTY-FIVE

JOYCE KILMER

Joyce Kilmer was destined to be one of our country's great poets. His was a true poet's soul which needed but to be struck in order to yield music. This little poem is eminently characteristic of the man and the type of work he did.

WITHIN the Jersey City shed
The engine coughs and shakes its head.
The smoke, a plume of red and white,
Waves madly in the face of night.
And now the grave, incurious stars
Gleam on the groaning, hurrying cars.
Against the kind and awful reign
Of darkness, this our angry train,
A noisy little rebel, pouts
Its brief defiance, flames and shouts—
And passes on, and leaves no trace.
For darkness holds its ancient place,
Serene and absolute, the king
Unchanged, of every living thing.
The houses lie obscure and still
In Rutherford and Carlton Hill.
Our lamps intensify the dark
Of slumbering Passaic Park.
And quiet holds the weary feet
That daily tramp through Prospect Street.



What tho we clang and clank and roar
Through all Passaic's streets? No door
Will open, not an eye will see
Who this loud vagabond may be.
Upon my crimsoned-cushioned seat,
In manufactured light and heat,
I feel unnatural and mean.
Outside the towns are cool and clean;
Curtained awhile from sound and sight
They take God's gracious gift of night.
The stars are watchful over them.
On Clifton as on Bethlehem
The angels, leaning down the sky,
Shed peace and gentle dreams. And I—
I ride, I blasphemously ride
Through all the silent countryside.
The engine's shriek, the headlight's glare
Pollute the still nocturnal air.

.

In Ramsey, Mahwah, Suffern, stand
Houses that wistfully demand
A father—son—some human thing
That this, the midnight train, may bring.
The trains that travel in the day
They hurry folks to work or play.
The midnight train is slow and old,
But of it let this thing be told,

To its high honor be it said,
It carries people home to bed.
My cottage lamp shines white and clear.
God bless the train that brought me here.

THE WHITE SHIPS AND THE RED

JOYCE KILMER

This is Sergeant Kilmer's best-known poem. The subject is the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

With drooping sail and pennant
That never a wind may reach,
They float in sunless waters
Beside a sunless beach.
Their mighty masts and funnels
Are white as driven snow,
And with a pallid radiance
Their ghostly bulwarks glow.

Here is a Spanish galleon
That once with gold was gay,
Here is a Roman trireme
Whose hues outshone the day.
But Tyrian dyes have faded
And prows that once were bright
With rainbow stains wear only
Death's livid, dreadful white.



White as the ice that clove her
That unforgotten day,
Among her pallid sisters
The grim *Titanic*¹ lay.
And through the leagues above her
She looked, aghast, and said:
“What is this living ship that comes
Where every ship is dead?”

The ghostly vessels trembled
From ruined stern to prow;
What was this thing of terror
That broke their vigil now?
Down through the startled ocean
A mighty vessel came,
Not white, as all dead ships must be,
But red,² like living flame!

The pale green waves about her
Were swiftly, strangely dyed,
By the scarlet stream that flowed
From out her wounded side.
And all her decks were scarlet
And all her shattered crew.
She sank among the white ghost ships
And stained them through and through.

The grim *Titanic* greeted her
“And who art thou?” she said;

"Why dost thou join our ghostly fleet
Arrayed in living red?
We are the ships of sorrow
Who spend the weary night,
Until the dawn of Judgment Day,
Obscure and still and white."

"Nay," said the scarlet visitor,
"Though I sink through the sea
A ruined thing that was a ship;
I sink not as did ye.
For ye met with your destiny
By storm or rock or fight,
So through the lagging centuries
Ye wear your robes of white."

"But never crashing iceberg
Nor honest shot of foe,
Nor hidden reef has sent me
The way that I must go.
My wound that stains the waters,
My blood that is like flame,
Bear witness to a loathly deed,
A deed without a name."

"I went not forth to battle,
I carried friendly men,
The children played about my decks,
The women sang—and then—



And then—the sun blushed scarlet
And Heaven hid its face,
The world that God created
Became a shameful place!

“My wrong cries out for vengeance,
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in Hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah’s ear.
Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away the stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain.”

When God’s great voice assembles
The fleet on Judgment Day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
In sea and strait and bay;
Though they have lain for ages
Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver.
But one—shall be like blood.

¹ The *Titanic* was the largest ship, with one exception, ever built. She was making her maiden voyage with over 2000 people aboard when she collided with an iceberg on April 15, 1912. She sank in four hours carrying nearly 1600 people to their deaths.

² The Red Ship is the *Lusitania* which was sunk by a German submarine, May 7, 1915.

THE BATTLE OF LIÈGE

DANA BURNET

The Battle of Liège was written in commemoration of the gallant stand made by the Belgians at Liège, a fortified city commanding the entrance into Belgium. For three weeks early in August, 1914, the Belgian Army withstood the German advance, giving the Allies an opportunity to concentrate their forces. It is one of the stirring poems which have come out of *The Great War*.

Now spake the Emperor to all his shining battle forces,
To the Lancers, and the Rifles, to the Gunners, and the
Horses;—

And his pride surged up within him as he saw their
banners stream!—

“’Tis a twelve-day march to Paris, by the road our
fathers travelled,

And the prize is half an empire when the scarlet road’s
unravell’d—

Go you now across the border,
God’s decree and William’s order—

Climb the frowning ridges
With your naked swords agleam!

Seize the City of the Bridges—

Then get on, get on to Paris—

To the jewelled streets of Paris—

To the lovely woman, Paris, that has driven me to
dream!”

A hundred thousand fighting men
They climbed the frowning ridges,
With their flaming swords drawn free
And their pennants at their knee.
They went up to their desire,
To the City of the Bridges,
With their naked brands outdrawn
Like the lances of the dawn!
In a swelling surf of fire,
Crawling higher—higher—higher—
Till they crumpled up and died
Like a sudden wasted tide,
And the thunder in their faces beat them down and
flung them wide!

They had paid a thousand men,
Yet they formed and came again,
For they heard the silver bugles sounding challenge
to their pride,
And they rode with sword agleam
For the glory of a dream,
And they stormed up to the cannon's mouth and
withered there, and died. . . .
The daylight lay in ashes
On the blackened western hill,
And the dead were calm and still;
But the Night was torn with gashes—
Sudden ragged crimson gashes—

And the siege-guns snarled and roared,
And the tranquil moon came riding on the heaven's
silver ford.

What a fearful world was there,
Tangled in the cold moon's hair!
Man and beast lay hurt and screaming,
(Men must die when Kings are dreaming!)
While within the harried town
Mothers dragged their children down
As the awful rain came screaming,
For the glory of a crown!

So the Morning flung her cloak
Through the hanging pall of smoke—
Trimmed with red, it was, and dripping with a deep
and angry stain!
And the Day came walking then
Through a lane of murdered men,
And her light fell down before her like a Cross upon
the plain!
But the forts still crowned the height
With a bitter iron crown!
They had lived to flame and fight,
They had lived to keep the Town!
And they poured their havoc down
All that day . . . and all that night . . .
While four times their number came,
Pawns that played a bloody game!—

With a silver trumpeting,
For the glory of the King,
To the barriers of the thunder and the fury of the
flame!

So they stormed the Iron Hill,
O'er the sleepers lying still,
And their trumpets sang them forward through the
dull succeeding dawns,
But the thunder flung them wide,
And they crumpled up and died,—
They had waged the war of monarchs—and they died
the death of pawns.

But the forts still stood. . . . Their breath
Swept the foeman like a blade,
Though ten thousand men were paid
To the hungry purse of Death,
Though the field was wet with blood,
Still the bold defences stood,
Stood!

And the King came out with his bodyguard at the
day's departing gleam—
And the moon rode up behind the smoke and showed
the King his dream.



LIST OF AMERICAN POEMS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY | GUINEY, LOUISE IMOGEN |
| Friar Jerome's Beautiful | The Wild Ride |
| Book | KAUFFMAN, REGINALD W. |
| BUNNER, HENRY C. | The Wastrel |
| The Chaperon | LANIER, SIDNEY |
| The Way to Arcady | Song of the Chattahoochie |
| CAREY, ALICE | The Revenge of Hamish |
| November | MILLER, JOAQUIN |
| CAREY, PHOEBE | Columbus |
| Suppose | Westward Ho |
| The Leak in the Dyke | MOODY, WILLIAM VAUGHN |
| ENGLISH, THOMAS D. | Gloucester Moors |
| Ben Bolt | Road Hymn for the Start |
| FIELD, EUGENE | Robert Gould Shaw |
| Apple Pie and Cheese | We Are Our Father's Sons |
| De Amicitiiis | MORRIS, GEORGE P. |
| Goodby—God Bless You | Woodman, Spare That Tree |
| Little Boy Blue | PAYNE, JOHN H. |
| The Twenty-third Psalm | Home, Sweet Home |
| FINCH, FRANCIS M. | POE, EDGAR ALLEN |
| The Blue and the Gray | Annabel Lee |
| GILDER, JOSEPH B. | Israfel |
| Parting of the Ways | The Bells |

The Raven

Ulaume

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB

Aramazindy

A Life Lesson

Ike Walton's Prayer

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND

The Fool's Prayer

STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY

Abraham Lincoln

The Flight of Youth

STORY, WILLIAM W.

Io Victis

WOODWORTH, SAM

The Old Oaken Bucket

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878) is considered the Father of American Poets. While still a boy in his early home at Cummington, Massachusetts, he began to write verse and at the age of ten contributed his first poem to a country paper. When fourteen years old he wrote "The Embargo." In 1821 he removed to New York to become the associate editor of *The Evening Post* and three years later assumed the responsibility of editor. Thus Bryant was both a poet and a journalist. His pre-eminence as a poet he held for sixty-four years; in fact, he was the model of American verse until Longfellow appeared. These poems of his are worth special mention: "To the Fringed Gentian," "The Death of the Flowers," "The Crowded Street," "My Country's Call," and "The Battlefield." Further facts about his life may be found in Stedman's *Poets of America*.

DANA BURNET (1888-) was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was educated in Cornell and graduated from the College of Law in 1911. Since then he has held various positions on *The Evening Sun*, and is at the present time a special writer for that paper.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL (1873-1904) was born in New York City. He chose literature as his profession and finally became the Paris representative of Harper and Brothers. He has written many poems of value.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795-1820) spent his short life in his native city, New York. He is remembered for two fine poems, "The American Flag" and "The Culprit Fay." In his writings he was associated with Fitz-Greene Halleck who wrote a eulogy on Drake that is worth reading.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882) ranks as America's greatest essayist and from many viewpoints her foremost poet. He was for several years a Unitarian minister in Boston, the city of his birth, but retired to Concord, Massachusetts, in 1834. Here, amid ideal surroundings, he spent the remainder of his life, devoting most of his time to writing. As a popular and stimulating lecturer, he made the lyceum stage of his day a leading means of reform. His doctrine was the gospel of the worth of the individual. Among Emerson's writings should be mentioned his essays, especially the one entitled "Manners," other prose works, particularly his lectures entitled *Representative Men*, poems, of which should be emphasized "Threnody," "The Problem" and "The Humblebee." A very readable account of his life is to be found in Sanborn's *Emerson and his Friends at Concord*.

JOHN FINLEY (1863-) was born in Grand Ridge, Illinois. He attended Knox College from which he graduated in 1887. He returned to Knox College as its president in 1892, remaining there seven years. In 1900 Mr. Finley went to Princeton as a professor of politics and retained that position until 1903. In 1913 he was made Commissioner of Education in New York State and President of the University of the State of New York. These positions Mr. Finley now holds. He has done considerable writing and lecturing. Among the best of his verse is the poem contained in this collection.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER (1844-1902) was widely known as a writer of magazine verse. Born in Bordentown, New Jersey, he was educated privately and later studied law in Philadelphia. He was assistant editor of *Scribner's Monthly* for some time; later he became editor-in-chief of *The Century*. Some of his collected poems have the following titles: *Five Books of Songs*, *In Palestine*, *Poems and Inscriptions*.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE (1839-1902), although most often associated with the West, was born in Albany, New York. He went to California in his childhood where he remained until 1871. In

1878 he went as consul to Germany and was later transferred to Scotland. He wrote thirty volumes of prose—mostly short stories—as well as one of poetry. It is by the former that he is best remembered. The setting of most of his writings is the West of the gold-discovery era. He is the interpreter of the miners of those pioneer days. Among his stories are to be noted "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Tennessee's Partner," and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat."

JOHN HAY (1838–1905) was an interesting product of the Middle West. He became a lawyer in 1861 and later served as assistant private secretary to Abraham Lincoln. He saw service in the Civil War where he was finally brevetted colonel. After a varied political career, he became Secretary of State under William McKinley. Notwithstanding all his official duties, he found time to do some writing, particularly poetry. The scenes of his *Pike County Ballads*, from which "Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle" is taken, are laid in Arkansas when the Great West was in the making. The *American Statesmen Series* contains further facts about his life.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809–1894) was a New Englander by birth, was educated as a physician, and served as professor of anatomy in Harvard University from 1847 to 1882. He became popular as a writer about the time *The Atlantic Monthly* was established in 1857. His fame rests on his poetry and his essays, among which may be mentioned *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, "Bill and Joe," "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," "The Deacon's Masterpiece," and "Union and Liberty." Stedman has a good biographical sketch of the humorist in *Poets of America*.

JULIA WARD HOWE (1819–1910) was born in New York City the same year as Lowell and Whitman. She was ardent in her support of the anti-slavery movement and woman suffrage. Among her many poems must not be forgotten that familiar song, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

JOHN JAMES INGALLS (1833-1900) was known as the Statesman-Poet. A resident of Massachusetts in his early years, he moved to Atchison, Kansas, where he edited *The Atchison Champion*. He served his state as United States Senator at various times until 1885.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1780-1843) was a Maryland lawyer who practiced his profession in Washington, D. C., for several years. His only poem of note is "The Star Spangled Banner." Over his grave in the cemetery of Mt. Olivet, Maryland, the flag of our country constantly floats, a tribute to the man who wrote the words of what has since practically become our national anthem.

JOYCE KILMER (1886-1918) was a promising writer of New Jersey. He graduated from Columbia in 1908 and immediately turned to the teaching of Latin. In 1909 he became assistant editor of *The Standard Dictionary*, and after three years undertook the literary editorship of *The Churchman*. From 1913 until his enlistment in the A. E. F. he was connected with various publications in New York City, especially *The New York Times* and *The Literary Digest*. Kilmer enlisted as a private seventeen days after the United States declared war on Germany and went overseas with the Rainbow Division early in the struggle. He was a sergeant attached to the Intelligence Department of the First Battalion of the 69th Regiment, when killed in the great Allied drive on July 30, 1918. He was buried where he fell, beside the river Oureq in France.

VACHEL LINDSAY (1879-) is a resident of Springfield, Illinois, the place of his birth. He was a student at Hiram College, Ohio, from 1897 to 1900. During the summer of 1912, Lindsay walked from Illinois to New Mexico distributing rhymes and speaking in behalf of "The Gospel of Beauty." Later he took other similar trips. He has also recited his poems before many colleges and schools. One of the best collections of his works is *The Congo and Other Poems* published in 1914.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882) is the most widely read of American poets. Born the same year as Whittier, he spent his boyhood in Portland, Maine, and graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825. After three years in Europe, he was made professor of modern languages at Bowdoin and at Harvard. From 1854 until his death, he devoted his entire life to writing. The following poems of his are especially worth reading: "Excelsior," "The Psalm of Life," "The Arrow and the Song," "The Building of the Ship," and "The Wreck of the Hesperus." Among his prose works are *Outre-Mer*, *Hyperion*, and *Kavanagh*. For further facts concerning his writings, consult Stedman's *Poets of America*.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891) was born in Elmwood on the outskirts of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the same year as Walt Whitman. He was trained among the influences which come from Nature and books, combined in ideal surroundings. He graduated from Harvard in 1838 after a hazardous career. He then became a lawyer in Boston, where he gradually found himself a poet almost before he was aware of it. Some of his best poems are: "The Biglow Papers," "The Shepherd of King Admetus," and "The Vision of Sir Launfal." In 1854 he began to write some prose, chiefly essays. Lowell served his country several years as minister to Spain and later to England. He returned to his home in 1885 and died in Cambridge in 1891. The full measure of his greatness may be gained from reading Greenslet's *Life of Lowell*.

EDWIN MARKHAM (1852-) was born in Oregon, and lives at present near New York City. He graduated from Christian College, Santa Rosa, and became headmaster of Tompkins School at Oakland. He achieved prominence in 1899 when he published "The Man with the Hoe." Since then he has written many notable poems.

THEODORE O'HARA (1820-1867), a Kentuckian by birth, served in the Mexican War and on the Confederate side in the

Civil War. He is remembered for the one poem included in this volume.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, Mrs. S. L. Marks, (1872-1922) wrote several volumes of poetry and prose, among which may be mentioned *The Weyfords*, *Old Greek Folk Stories*, and *The Singing Leaves*. She lived most of her life in Boston, Massachusetts.

JOHN PIERPONT (1785-1866) was born in Litchfield, Connecticut. He graduated from Yale in 1804 and then studied theology. After holding several pastorates, he became a United States chaplain in 1861. He was noted as an anti-slavery worker. Pierpont also wrote several poems, the most stirring of which is the one contained in this volume.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL (1841-1887) was a poet and essayist of Connecticut. He graduated from Yale at the age of twenty with the distinction of being selected class poet. That year he made a trip around Cape Horn to California where he stayed until 1866. On his return east, he entered the Harvard Divinity School. From 1874 until 1882, Sill was Professor of English in the University of California. He then removed to Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, and devoted the remainder of his life to literature.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD (1835-) is best known as a writer of stories. She began her career when a girl in Calais, Maine, for the purpose of eking out the family expenses. Among her works may be mentioned *Ballads about Authors*, *New England Legends*, *The Amber Gods* and *The Thief in the Night*.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN (1833-1908) was both a poet and critic. Two books in particular, *Poets of America* and *An American Anthology* give proof of his literary ability. Born in Hartford, Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale, he was for two years connected with the *New York Tribune* and in 1861 became war correspondent of *The World*, another New York daily. After the Civil War, his time was almost wholly devoted to writing.

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825-1878) was a Pennsylvania Quaker.

He published a collection of poems in 1844, and in this year began to travel over Europe on foot. Later he wrote some interesting sketches of his wanderings. He died in Berlin while serving as minister to Germany. The *American Men of Letters Series* contains an interesting biography of Taylor.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE (1827-1916), although born in New York State, is closely associated with Boston where he went to live in 1848. He wrote much fiction, including many juvenile stories, once very popular. Several collections of his poems have been published. They include *The Vagabonds*, *The Emigrant's Story*, *At Sea*, and *Midsummer*. Reference may be made to *The International Encyclopædia* for additional facts concerning his life.

HENRY VAN DYKE (1852-) is a versatile and appreciated author of both prose and poetry, and has, moreover, served with honor in various capacities—as pastor for many years of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City, as professor of English Literature in his Alma Mater, Princeton, and as minister to the Netherlands under Wilson's administration. His home as a boy was in Germantown, Pennsylvania, and is now in New Jersey. Some of his writings are the following: *The Blue Flower*, and *The Ruling Passion*—works of fiction; *Fisherman's Luck*, and *Little Rivers*—essays; *The Builders and Other Poems* and *The Red Flower*—collections of poetry.

WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892) was of humble birth, the son of a carpenter who lived on the outskirts of Brooklyn. His early life was spent in rambling about, acquiring experience. Whitman desired to free himself from all poetic restrictions and in so doing, his poetry lacks both meter and rhyme. Thus he is not popular, although he is coming to be recognized as one of our greatest poets by reason of his democratic spirit of independence. His ideal hero was Abraham Lincoln of whose death he wrote the inimitable "O Captain! My Captain!" For an interpretation of his unique personality, read *Whitman: A Study* by John Burroughs.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER 1807-1892 seems to have had a lonely childhood on his father's farm at Haverhill, Massachusetts, and to have been awakened to his ability through reading the poems of the Scotchman, Robert Burns. Throughout the period preceding the Civil War, Whittier was constantly alert to the evils of slavery and sacrificed himself almost daily upon the altar of the Abolitionists. Much of his verse is the result of this great period of trial and temptation. Some of Whittier's most notable poems are: "Barbara Frietchie," "Centennial Hymn," "Maude Muller," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "Snow Bound," and "The Piper of Lucknow." He was, like his first exemplar, the poet of the common people. Pickard's *Life of Whittier* is well worth reading.







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